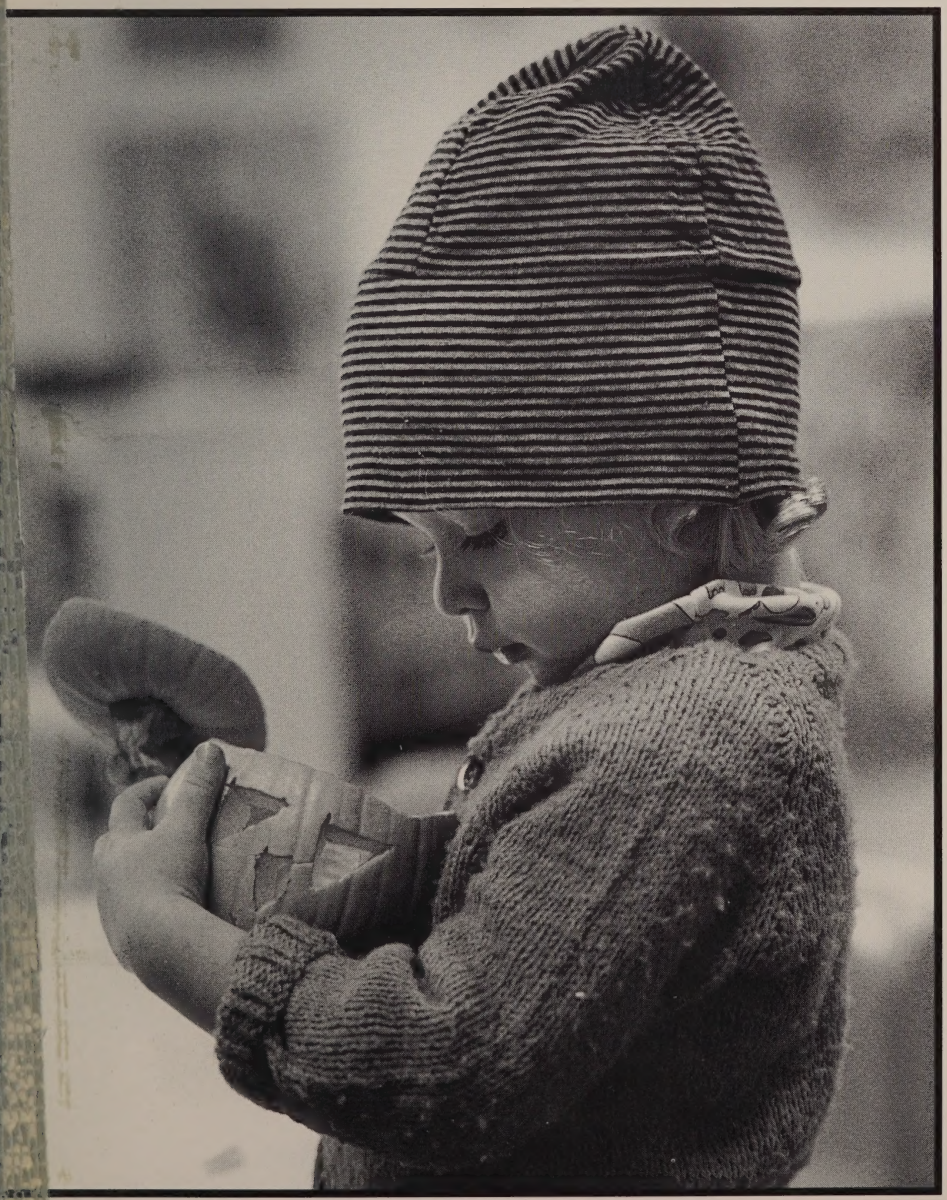
FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

olume 46, Number 5 October 1995



The purpose of Fellowship in Prayer is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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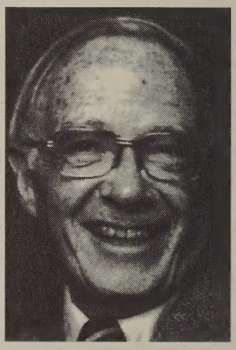


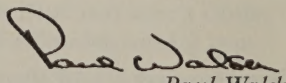
This month, give yourself a gift that can help you become more loving and compassionate toward yourself and all of God's creation. Go to your bookstore and pick up or order, *The Gift of Prayer - A Treasury of Personal Prayers From the World's Spiritual Traditions.*

This 250-page treasury of over 400 of the world's most beautiful and moving prayers has already received enthusiastic praise from such prominent guides to the spiritual life as Thomas Moore, best-selling author of *Soul Mates* and *Care of The Soul;* Henri Nouwen, one of the world's most beloved authors of books and teachings on prayer and the spiritual life; Mother Tessa Bielecki, Abbess of the Spiritual Life Institute; and Harvey Cox, Professor of Divinity at the Harvard University Divinity School and one of the nation's most respected Christian thinkers and writers.

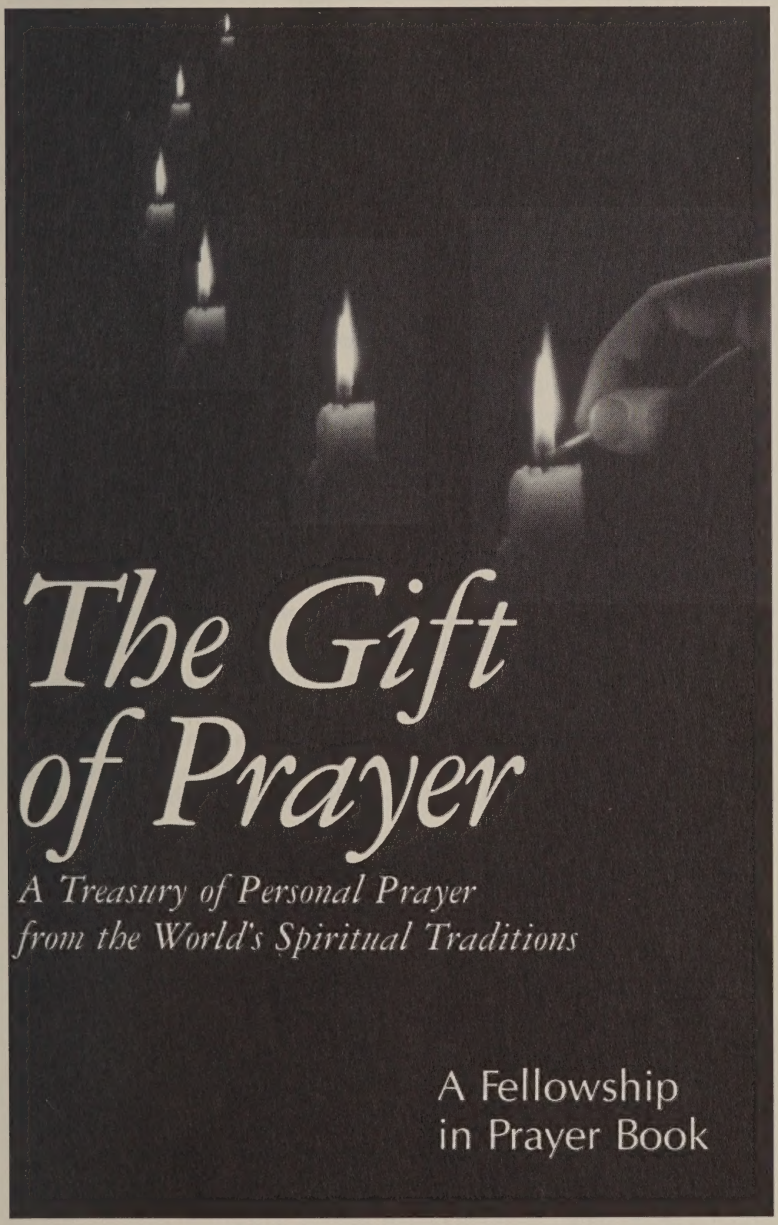
The Gift of Prayer is the result of the constant requests we receive from readers seeking help with their prayer life; women and men who ask for prayers that they can use every day, prayers that express their yearning for peace, for courage, for release from suffering, for happiness for themselves, their family and friends, and for all beings.

We have searched the world's faith traditions for prayers that would answer your needs and express what you feel with beauty and simplicity. I believe we have succeeded in bringing you a book overflowing with the heartfelt prayers of men and women the world over who, in their common humanity, have cried out to God in praise and thanksgiving, in hope and despair, in longing and in love. Above all, this is a book that you will read and use every day; a book that you will want to put in the hands of those you know and love. The prayers in this beautiful gift edition will open the doors of your loving, compassionate heart and let the sunshine of divine love flood in.

Ask for *The Gift of Prayer* in your local bookstore, or fill in the coupon inserted in the center of this issue and mail it in the postage paid envelope. That way, you'll be sure to have the copies you need for yourself and your friends in plenty of time for the holiday season.



Paul Walsh


The Gift
of Prayer
A Treasury of Personal Prayer
from the World's Spiritual Traditions
A Fellowship
in Prayer Book

Eternity sings praises to Me, and it is one of My attributes that it should do so, and I have created from its praise the night and day, and I have made them both into veils stretched over thine eyes and thoughts, and over thy mind and heart. Night and day are two veils spread out over all that I have created, but because I have chosen thee for Myself, I have lifted the two veils that thou mightest see Me, and thou hast seen Me. Therefore stand in thy place before Me and continue in the Vision of Me, for otherwise thou wilt be snatched away by everything that happens to distract thee. Stand firm and attribute to Me alone all which I have manifested to thee.

Al-Niffari

One who is humbler than a blade of grass,
Who is more forbearing than a tree,
Who honors others,
Yet hath no desires of honor,
That one, indeed, is worthy of chanting the Name Divine!

Sri Chaitanya

Verily, a deep-felt need is itself a prayer.

Hazrat Inayat Khan

I am He Whom I love and He Whom I love is I.
We are two spirits indwelling one body.
When thou seest me, thou seest Him,
And when thou seest Him, then thou dost see us both.

Al-Hallaj

The watcher is the prayerful devotee, but the dancer becomes divine.

Samuel L. Lewis

In the driest whitest stretch
Of pain's infinite desert
I lost my sanity
And found this rose.

Rumi

I rejoice and delight in You,
I sing to Your name, Most High.

Psalm 9:2

Spirituality, the Immune System of the World: An Interview with Tendzin Choegyal

A supremely focussed thinker who loves to reason and debate and laughs easily, Tendzin Choegyal was born in Tibet in 1946 and raised in a monastery at the side of his brother, the current Dalai Lama. Separated from his mother at the age of six and educated to be a Buddhist monk, he continued his studies in a Roman Catholic institution in Darjeeling in Northeastern India. After turning away from traditional teachings in young adulthood, he has become in recent years, he says with a smile, a "born-again Buddhist."

Tendzin Choegyal's native Tibet, a country one-third the size of China with only a half mile of paved road, surrounded by the world's highest mountains, was an island of spirituality that shone like a jewel from the seventh century until the middle of the twentieth century. Then Chinese troops marched in and began a brutal conquest of this quiet, nonviolent people, whose lifestyle had not changed in 1300 years, who had almost no experience of crime or infectious diseases or starvation. The Chinese undertook a systematic destruction of some 6000 historic monasteries and a human slaughter that has reached a death toll of a million people, one sixth of Tibet's entire population.

Millions have fled to refugee settlements in neighboring India, where they have subsisted in exile under appalling conditions for over forty years, apart from loved ones, their homeland, their culture and way of life.

At the age of thirteen, Tendzin Choegyal and the Dalai Lama escaped from occupied Tibet on horseback under the cover of night and settled in the Indian refugee camps. He has served in a number of government posts there and today is a member of the Assembly of the Tibetan government-in-exile. His wife, Rinchen Khando Choegyal, is Minister of Education.

The magnitude of the Tibetan catastrophe unfolds in the tragic story of its orphaned children. Raised in a foreign environment without their mother and father's love, exposed to corrupting influences (such as the media), that were unknown in Tibet, they may be truly unable to transmit the deep spiritual values that always governed life in their homeland. The extinction of these values would be an incalculable loss for the entire world.

It is said that one night, when the Dalai Lama was told that a hundred and twenty monks and nuns had been tortured and killed that day by the Chinese, he wept for a long time, then said: "Now let us pray for the Chinese."

Few who have undergone the unspeakable atrocities of genocide find such divine forgiveness in their hearts. Even the Dalai Lama's brother acknowledges that he, like most of us, is not yet free of bitterness. He emphasizes, however, that "It is not all Chinese who are responsible. It is the leaders. They are blind."

I interviewed Tendzin Choegyal at Tibet House in New York City the day after the premiere of the film, Shadow Over Tibet, *which documents the Tibetan disaster. The creation of Chicago film maker, Rachel Lyon, narrated by the actor, Richard Gere,* Shadow Over Tibet *is currently being broadcast in the US by PBS. Please watch it. You will never again be indifferent to the staggering suffering of the innocent people of Tibet.*

Mary Ford-Grabowsky

MFG: Our readers will be wondering what it is like to grow up in a monastery. Did you have a spiritual practice in childhood?

TC: No, I did not have a religious practice. The word, "practice," I don't like this word. You can be "spiritually inclined," I think. That is a good word.

MFG: Was your monastic upbringing more a matter of instilling values?

TC: I will tell you very frankly, I was too young to take spiritual life seriously. I have become a born-again Buddhist. (laughter). But yes, [it is a question of] the values and how you feel about it. How you feel about yourself and others. How much compassion you have. How much patience you have. Are you trying to deal with your anger? Or are you just seeing anger as natural?

MFG: How does one sustain the life of compassion without a daily spiritual practice?

TC: You have to reflect a lot. Reflect. Think about it. Meditation means thinking. You are thinking about something so that it becomes very familiar to you.

MFG: Does one set aside a time each day for this reflection?

TC: No, you just reflect.

MFG: You said a moment ago that you are a "born-again Buddhist." What brought about your rebirth?

TC: I suppose it is a reaffirmation of the spiritual tradition into which I was born through observation of life as an adult. Having experienced life, I was able to see it differently. Unless you experience life, you never become spiritual.

[My experience showed me that] Buddhism has answers. For example, I am a very angry person. You know, I could have shot the Chinese. My fuse is very, very short. So, how to deal with this anger?

There are many ways. The most effective method that I find is this. I just don't want anger to show on me. Others don't want anger to show on them. Therefore, anger is not something that is desirable. That's the first thing; you have come to a conclusion that is respected: To not show anger. Even to let anger arise. If possible, you don't let anger arise within you.

MFG: How can one prevent anger from rising?

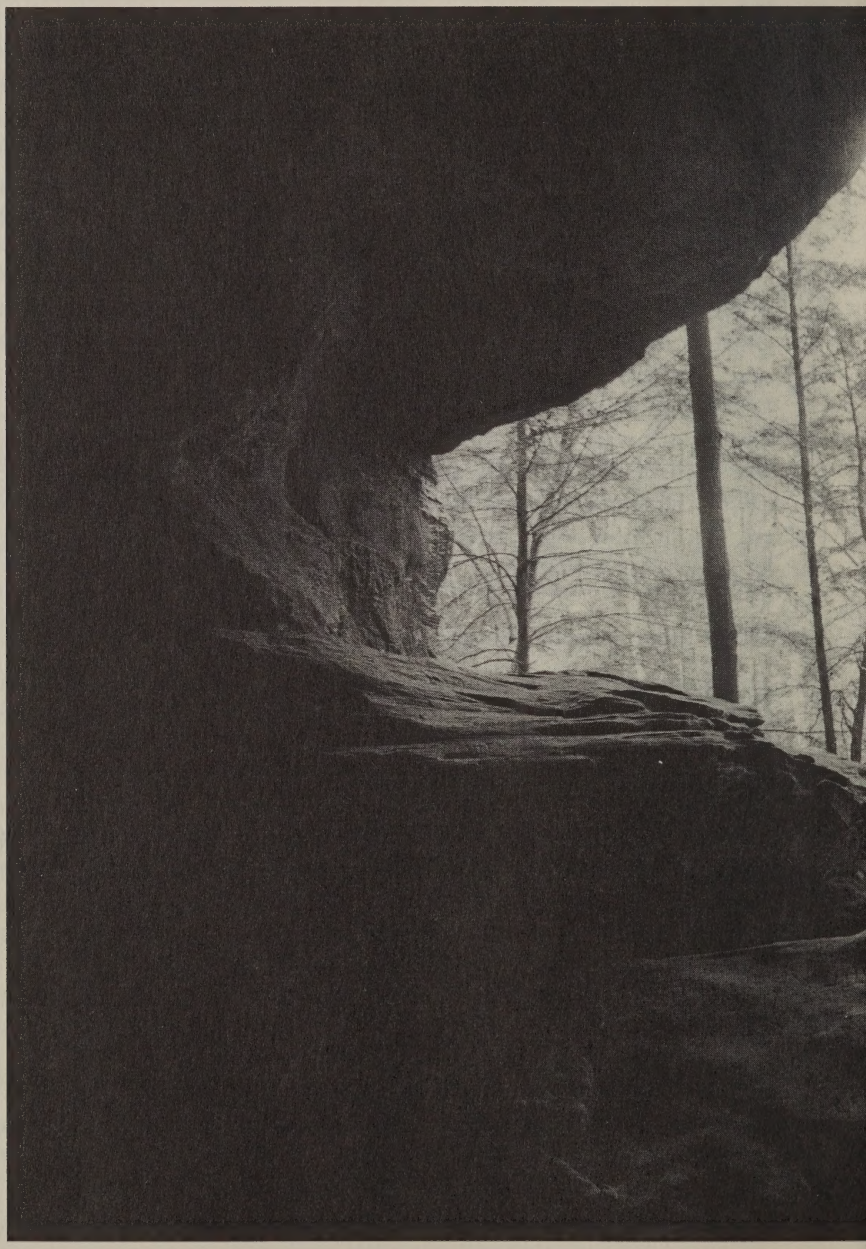
TC: You try to apply antidotal thoughts. For instance: Anger is like fire. It burns everything up. So you try to meditate on the negative points of anger, to think about the negative points. Then anger doesn't seem very attractive to you.

It's something like self-therapy. Reflection, thinking about it, even just for a few minutes, is good. When you recognize anger as something that is not desirable, and not part of human nature, you try to not let it arise.

MF: Is that how the Dalai Lama keeps from being angry at the Chinese?

TC: I think he has dealt with his anger. I don't think he hates anybody. Not even the Chinese. As a matter of fact, he has tremendous sympathy, thinking they may have such bad karma*.

*In eastern religions, the word "Karma" refers to aspects of fate, or destiny—Ed.



Kay Denielson

In Christianity, you would say that they have un-graced themselves. They are not in a state of grace. My brother understands that.

MFG: You mentioned during a radio interview last week that when the Dalai Lama walks into a room, the first thing he does is laugh. Why is that?

TC: I think he is finding all of us absurd. [laughter] To be able to laugh, you know, you have to have some kind of a laughing matter. You can't just laugh like that. You have to think of something and a funny situation in which you laugh. Your sense of humor comes in. My brother is always teasing people so that he can create some kind of laughter. For himself and for the person with him.

MFG: Buddhism believes in striving for happiness, doesn't it?

TC: Yes. So that we don't freak out. So that we don't become too grasping. I know people who are in deep sorrow from just too much grasping. When we laugh, we let go of everything. I think this is a good way of putting it. We become light-hearted.

Don't be selfish.

MFG: It is hard to imagine that one could laugh during a period of sorrow.

TC: It is difficult, once the sorrow sets in. Once you are caught in its net. So prevention becomes all the more important.

Spirituality is something like an immune system. You have to look after your immune system. So that you don't get afflicted by sorrow and things like that. I feel the whole spiritual system in the entire world is some kind of immune system.

Some call it the human spirit. Or the Christ in us, the Buddha nature in us, the Allah in us.

MFG: On another topic: Tibet's young people. What is happening to the generation of children who are growing up in exile? Are they retaining Tibet's way of life and the Buddhist teachings?

Brooks Walsh

TC: They are getting the teachings, but there is a deep-seated problem. You know, you can lead a horse to a drinking place, but you cannot make it drink. Suppose a very good teacher is provided to me, but I don't want to learn. Then what happens? It is a big problem, isn't it?

We have a lot of students who are orphans. They have been brought up in boarding schools with Tibetan nuns. Some say we have lost a whole generation. They didn't have parents' caring. it is not the material things that you provide that matter — but what kind of look you have when you talk to a child.

These children, when they grow up, don't look as gentle as Tibetans. Those in their twenties: I find they are less gentle than we were when we were children. Maybe I am overreacting, but I am worried for the future of the children.

For instance, in one of the settlements, we had a case of rape a few years ago — done by Tibetans to a Tibetan. And then a defiance of authority comes in through television. Young people play pool and get drunk. This is an age of mass communication, which can do much good, but it can also be abused.

MFG: Television, the media in general, is very corrupt — desperately in need of redemption. Eventually your children will find that out, as we have in the West.

TC: Then they'll become born-again Buddhists like me! [laughter]

MFG: Our era needs some Bodhisattvas.**

TC: I am sure that there are lots of Bodhisattvas right now.

MFG: Do you believe it is possible for the average person to live out the Bodhisattva ideal?

TC: It can be done. It is a wise way of being selfish. You see, you are rowing the boat. There are a lot of passengers. You get across too. [laughter]

MFG: If you are ferrying people across the sea of Samsara, don't

**In Buddhism, a Bodhisattva is one who has attained salvation, but postpones it in order to help others.

you have to go back and row the next boat across, and the next, and never stop rowing?

TC: Maybe there is only one boat.

MFG: Buddhism is bringing to America many helpful teachings — like the Bodhisattva ideal — that are compatible with Christianity and Judaism.

TC: But Buddhism has almost become a cult. The students almost worship the teacher. They ask the teacher whether they should go for a walk, or whether they should do washing, or what they should eat. It is such a dependency.

There are very few genuine teachers. For the most part, everybody has some kind of self-interest. Money, fame, honor.

I know people who are in deep sorrow from just too much grasping.

MFG: Are you saying that people should not study with Buddhist teachers?

TC: "Hold your bets," I would say. Don't place bets on a horse. Study the horses, then place your bet. Go and listen to teachings from people, but don't let any teacher dominate your life.

Now we have the case of a teacher who is being sued for a huge sum for sexually abusing a girl. There are others who have that tendency. So don't make Buddhism into a cult. That would be the worst thing that could ever happen to Buddhism.

Of course in the initial stage, when you come across a new creed, there is an infatuation. That's not love. Love is all giving, full of good will, totally devoid of selfishness.

MFG: What do you recommend as an alternative to staying with a teacher?

TC: Self-analysis. Self-analysis. The teacher points you, the teacher highlights a point, but you are the one to apply what you have learned. It is your effort. It is not the teacher's. You are your own master. You

are absolutely responsible for yourself. For your salvation. Try to take teachings from everybody that you meet. Everybody becomes a teacher, but you hold your own ground. Because some of these teachers are taking advantage. There is a whole racket going on. They are selling spiritual crack.

MFG: Do you think that humanity is predisposed to evil?

TC: I think human nature is extremely good. I really believe in the goodness of human beings. But it is hard for the real nature to come out — because of our ignorance. Because of ignorance we feel insecure. And then what really makes a person make bad karma is three emotions: attachment, aversion, and ignorance. Through these, you create a lot of causes, and they affect this attitude. When you eradicate these three causes, then you reach nirvana or liberation.

MFG: Isn't there a contradiction between two Buddhist teachings here? On one hand, the interrelatedness of all things, and on the other hand, the idea of detachment.

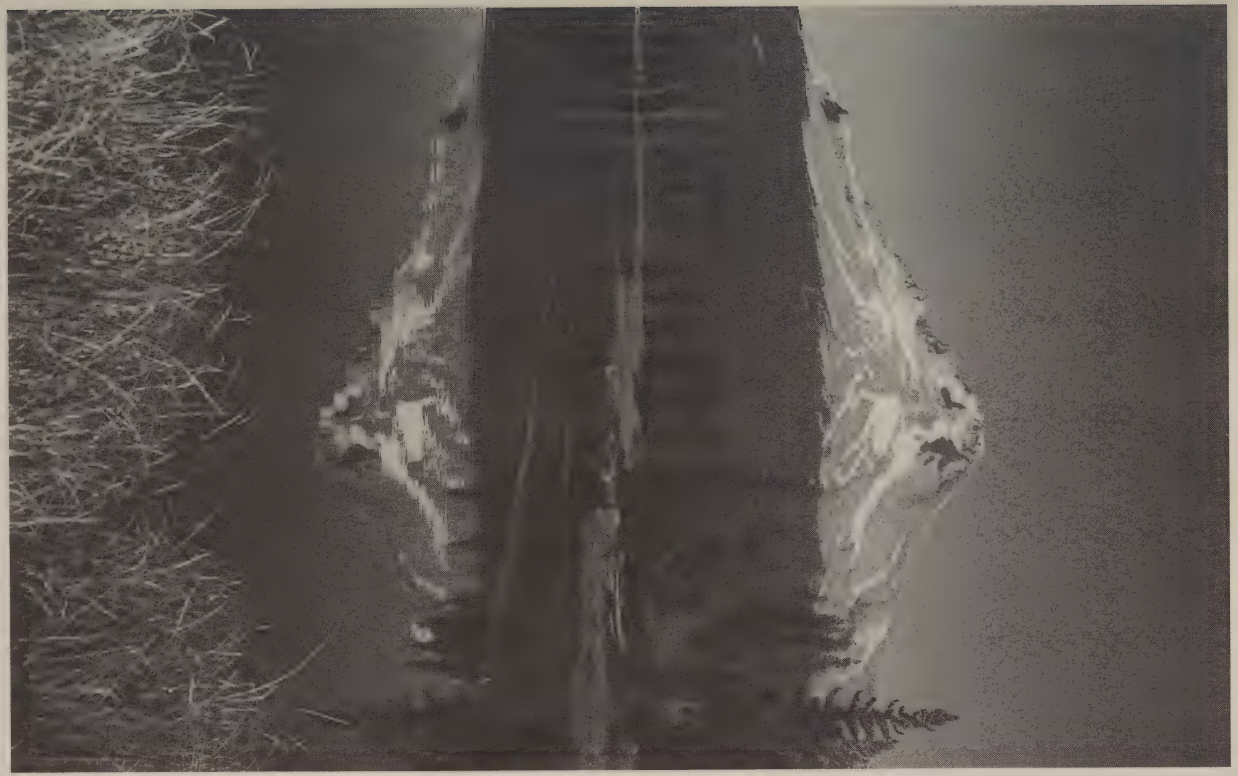
TC: No. Detach yourself from self-interests, but never detach yourself from altruism. If you detach yourself from self interests, you can devote much more energy in altruism, because there is no distraction.

Now detachment doesn't mean being indifferent. Detachment probably is a negative word. We are so used to attachment that the word detachment hurts us. But just as we have accustomed ourselves to the word attachment and like it, so too we can cultivate an understanding of the word detachment and like *it*. Because both stem from causality.

MFG: So, for you, detaching means not being selfish.

TC: Yes, that's right. Trying to be less selfish.

MFG: One last question: How can people in the world's religions help the people of Tibet to return to their homeland? Religious people have more compassion about your situation and are more motivated to help than politicians, and politicians haven't helped you. So, what can we do?



Robert F. Campbell

TC: We want not only to go back to Tibet but also to try to make the world a little better place than it is.

I think you can help by making that first move. Create a movement that will snowball and will enlighten the politicians, because they are in the driving seat. We are just passengers. Let them know that there are Tibetans in the world.

> When we laugh, we let go of everything. . . We become lighthearted.

You can help by highlighting human problems generally and, in particular, the case of Tibet. Then I think it becomes a nice package. How big nations police other nations. How rich people bully poor people. How influential people exploit those who have no influence. How the diseases of selfishness permit it in our lives.

Otherwise, don't be selfish.

MF: We need to challenge Chinese authority in a massive way.

TC: What does your conscience say?

MFG: That, and that we need to challenge US authority also, for repeatedly giving China most-favored-nation status. We need to make it known that the American people are on the side of Tibet.

TC: And I think the Tibetans are on the side of conscience.

And I hope we always remain on the side of conscience. Even when we are free! [laughter]

MFG: Thank you.

Whose Name Is Not Emmanuel?

EUGENE F. CONNOLLY

Autumn beauty leads to a meditation on the Divine Image in all creations.

> To [Rabbi Abraham Joshua] Heschel the question of religion is not 'what man does with his solitude,' but 'what man does with the presence of God.'
>
> Samuel H. Dresner

Some warm summer nights after the rest of the family has gone to bed, my wife and I pull a mattress out onto the upper deck of our vacation home in the Ossipee Mountains and lie there looking up through our window in the trees at the rest of the black and twinkling universe. We think of this deck as the room with a view, from which, on a clear night, as the old song says, we can see forever. Probably because most people in the mountains live in villages and hamlets with no great white ways, the night heavens are always blacker and each star brighter and more distinct there.

So we lie and we look, and our vision slowly pushes deeper into the blackness, uncovering layer after layer of progressively dimmer and more distant stars. Our words become increasingly soft and sparse, and most of them concern what we think of what we see and how little we know of it. We are always astounded anew by our ignorance and by the distances and the immensity, knowing, for instance, that some of the stars whose light is just reaching us no longer exist, and all that we see is only the smallest part of what may, in fact, go on without end. Eventually in the face of the incomprehensible, we fall silent in each other's arms.

On such nights I think of Teilhard de Chardin's Cosmic Christ, "the image of God present in all things. . .the sacred creation: stars, galaxies, whales, soil, water, trees, humans, thoughts, bodies, images"; I think of the woman who lies beside me, of the miracle she is in herself and that we are together in our vowed union. I think of the sor-

A professor of English, Eugene Connolly delights in writing and lecturing about spirituality.

rows of the world, of every day's cares and anxieties, of man's little insensitivities and cruelties to man that can grow large in our minds, line our faces, and break our hearts when we keep our eyes closed and our heads down and forget what else there is to see.

After dinner some evenings, we untie our boat from its dock on the west side of the lake, drive southeast to a bay that bulges deeply into the land, turn the boat so that it faces west, cut the motor, and sit, drifting and looking toward the high horizon where the sun is slipping slowly down between the twin humps of an unnamed mountain that I think of as Camelback. To neighbors on shore we must look like art enthusiasts gawking spellbound before a Monet in the Louvre. In a sense that's what we are. . .but more. We come to view a single-artist sunset exhibition that features a different masterpiece each evening. Our favorite is the ball of fire falling into the purple mountains beneath a pink-clouded sky. On those evenings a path of gold runs from the sun, across the water, to our boat. When we are leaving, no matter which direction we take or how elaborate the steering maneuvers we employ, we cannot escape the path of gold. It keeps us locked to the sun until the purple mountains take it away.

Physicist Fritjof Capra has told us, "The universe is seen as a dynamic web of interrelated events." Eight centuries earlier, the mystic, Hildegard of Bingen, said, "Everything that is in the heavens, on the earth, and under the earth is penetrated with connectedness, penetrated with relatedness. God has arranged everything in the universe in consideration of everything else."
Walt Whitman wrote:

> I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four
> and each moment then;
> In the faces of men and women I see God,
> and in my own face in the glass;
> I find letters of God dropped in the street
> and everyone is signed by God's name.

It is hard then not to think that from the earliest moment of our existence, before we have been given a name and simply because we are, we have a name, and that name is Emmanuel, "God is with us." It is my name and my friends' names. It is the name of beggars and kings, of husbands and wives, of brothers and sisters, of teachers and students, of the old and the unborn, of the sick and the frightened, and the dying. It is the name of those we love and those we struggle

William M. Stephens

to love. It is the name of our children at their loveliest and their most cantankerous. It is the name of boys and girls at play in summer fields and on winter hills, and the name of the poor and the lonely and the hopeless, stumbling through the gray desolation of their empty days. It is the name of those who lie alone in the night with their fears and their pain. It is the name that spreads across the mountaintops, stamps the golden face of every dawn, and falls into the darkness with every setting sun. It is the name of lovers, young and old, the name that points to the heart of their relationships and all of God's displays. It is a name that tells us of a reality that we miss to our great loss and the loss of all those in our lives.

Yesterday was a glorious day in October. The air was warm, the sky was clear, and I was free for a little while. Nicklaus, the Golden Retriever who has glued his life to mine, and I were bachelors for the day. About noon, I slid back the screen door and stepped out into the big back yard that runs to the old stone wall at the edge of the woods. In two great bounds, Nicklaus was out of the house behind me, onto the lawn, and charging, like the Light Brigade, along the perimeter of our land and into our longsuffering neighbor's, intent upon scattering any pigeons or squirrels which might have wandered into what he extravagantly considers to be our territory. Eventually, luckless, he pranced back, stifflegged, floppy ears at full alert, feathered blond tail straight out behind him, eyes darting from left to right. When he reached me, I half expected him to "harrumph" with indignation at the thought of alien varmints setting foot on our land during his watch. But he didn't. He relaxed. The tail and the ears went down and he sniffed with mock concern at the grass near me, looking up occasionally for my reaction. We both knew that he had once again demonstrated his mettle to me. We both also knew that he had never caught anything in his life and he had never, in the remotest way, intended to. But the charges were good for his self-esteem and they provided short-spurt aerobic exercise for his squirrel and pigeon neighbors.

> "God has arranged everything in the universe in consideration of everything else."

We walked slowly around the yard, examining the little rhododendrons we had planted a few weeks earlier. I was pleased to see the rich,

deep green that had come into their leaves. I sat on the edge of the hammock and Nick stretched out on the grass beside me. I was grateful for him, my cherished golden friend, sharing with me for a little while the tremendous mystery of life.

The poet William Blake asked the tiger: "What immortal hand or eye/Could frame thy fearful symmetry?" And the lamb: "Dost thou know who made thee?/ Gave thee such a tender voice/ Making all the vales rejoice!" So, I could ask my lovely Nick if he knows who made him, who fashioned his great heart, filled it with love, touched it with life, and gave it to me. The maker and the giver is surely one who greatly loves us both.

The maple trees around us were still in the warm autumn air, leaves ablaze with the glory of their last hurrah. The yard was lush and green beneath the fire in the treetops. I was feeling thankful for it all, part of it, cared for, assured, enfolded, loved. . .when a very small breeze came from behind the tree I was looking at, picked up a fallen leaf, carried it a foot or two in gentle floppy flips, and dropped it, scarlet and gold, on the grass before us. Nick lay beside me, chin flat between his front paws, eyebrows alternately flicking, wide brown eyes darting from me to the brilliant art of the leaf and back again, as though asking, "You didn't miss that, did you?"

I felt warm and peaceful. Not only was God in heaven, but a beautiful dog, a little breeze, and a fallen leaf had reminded me again that they, and I, our world, and all of us are full of God. It would not have been hard to imagine the voice of God whispering to me in the wonder of that moment, "Remain in Me as I remain in you."

Let Me Pass the Day in Peace

O God, you have let me pass the night in peace,
Let me pass the day in peace.
Wherever I may go
Upon my way which you made peaceable for me,
O God, lead my steps.
When I have spoken,
Keep falsehood away from me.
When I am hungry,
Keep me from murmuring.
When I am satisfied,
Keep me from pride.
Calling upon you, I pass the day,
O Lord who has no Lord.

Boran people of Kenya

I Believe

I believe in the sun even when it is not shining.
I believe in love even when feeling it not.
I believe in God even when he is silent.

Jewish prayer

Alone

Grant me the ability to be alone;
may it be my custom to go outdoors each day
among the trees and grasses,
among all growing things,
and there may I be alone,
to talk with the one
that I belong to.

Rabbi Nachman of Bratzlav

The prayers on pages 22 and23 have been taken from The Gift of Prayer - A Treasury of Prayers from the World's Spiritual Traditions, *a Fellowship in Prayer book, to be in bookstores in October. Over 400 classic and contemporary prayers. $19.95 hard cover.*

Charm for Fear by Night

God before, God behind me,
God above me, God below me;
I on the path of God,
God upon my track.

Who is there on land?
Who is there on wave?
Who is there on billow?
Who is there by door-post?
Who is along with us?
God and Lord.

I am here abroad,
I am here in need,
I am here in pain,
I am here in straits,
I am here alone,
O God, aid me.
from the Carmina Gadelica

This Day

Grant us, O Lord, to pass this day in gladness
and in peace
without stumbling and without stain;
That, reaching the eventide
victorious over all temptation,
We may praise you, the eternal God,
Who is blessed, and who governs all things,
World without end.
Mozarabic Liturgy

Thanksgiving

Thank you, God, for the children,
for in their laughter is momentary relief
from our burden of adult decisions.

Thank you, God, for the children,
for in their tears of hurt and fear and sadness
is a crashing reminder of how distant and
careless and callous we have become
with one another.

Thank you, God, for the children,
for in their quick, open, spontaneous
expressions of who they are,
we can see hope for our tentative,
halting, dried up passions of love.

Thank you, God, for the children,
and suffer them to continue to come
to us out of the bounty of your
blessedness to reassure us all
that we are yet children
of your own.
Dann Ward

A widely published poet, Dann Ward lives in Pennsylvania with his wife and ten year old son, a published poet himself.

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Michelle Boyd

This Holiday Season Give the Gift of "Wisdom, Love, Goodness, and Joy."

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Saint Teresa: The Grand Wild Woman of Avila

TESSA BIELECKI

The greatest saints are rarely "saintly."

Teresa of Avila had that mysterious quality the Spanish call *duende,* so characteristic of gypsies, bullfighters, and flamenco dancers. *Duende* is raw, primitive, tempestuous energy, a vulnerability to inspiration burning in the bloodstream. Fiery, wild, and utterly original, *duende* annihilates nonessentials with contempt for neat, tidy categories, accepted styles, cramped forms, and human limitations of any kind. *Duende* makes us ready to be devoured by the heroic struggle for genuine freedom.

In the Arab world, when *duende* enters and transfigures any music, dance, or epic poem, the people cry out "Allah! Allah!, God! God!" How close this is to the Spanish "Ole! Ole!" Perhaps these cries have the same source, since the Moors, a Moslem people of mixed Berber-Arab descent, invaded Spain in 711 and lived there for almost eight hundred years. They were finally expelled by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492, less than twenty-five years before Teresa's birth. The Moors not only left behind the magnificent Alhambra, "the red castle," dominating the city of Granada and the Spanish imagination. They bequeathed to Spain, and through this country to the Western world, a rich legacy inherited but unacknowledged by St. Teresa.

Duende is usually associated with artists, musicians, dancers, and poets. Teresa was all of these and more, for she was also a mystic, that is, one who knows God by experience. With the inspiration of duende, Teresa made mysticism into music, poetry, art, and an ecstatic dance with the Beloved. But not without walking the path of suffering like every creative genius.

Teresa was born in 1515. She was a prolific writer, a great leader, and a teacher of the art of prayer. In 1970, almost four hundred years after her death, she was finally recognized as the first woman Doctor

Mother Tessa Bielecki co-founded the Spiritual Life Institute with William McNamara, O.C.D. and is Abbess of its hermitages in Crestone, Colorado, and Kemptville, Nova Scotia. *This selection is taken from her 1994 book,* Holy Daring, *published by Element Books, 21 Broadway, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966. You may order* Holy Daring *by calling the toll-free number at Penguin Books, 1 (800) 253-6476, or your local bookstore.*

of the Church. She also stands out as the only woman in the history of the Church ever to reform a religious order of men.

What does Teresa have to do with us today as we move into the twenty-first century? Not many of us can be writers, found a school of spirituality, or reform a group of men. Yet Teresa serves as a vital prototype for a spiritual thrust desperately needed in our broken world.

Teresa was so vibrant and alive, she captivated all those around her and she continues to fascinate us down through the centuries. She was a dynamic personality—wild as a child, wild as she grew from an adolescent into a ravishing young woman, wildest of all as she reached middle age and set out on her quixotic adventures throughout her native Spain. She was stunning to look at: shining black hair, beautiful teeth, an unusual face, a more substantial than slender figure. She was outgoing, cheerful, and charming. Everyone adored her. She was a scintillating conversationalist. People of all walks of life listened to her—men, women, bishops and mule drivers, theologians, lay folk, and the King himself. Teresa enjoyed both talking and silence. She enjoyed being alone and having a good time.

She was a natural leader. As a child, she had an ingenious capacity for inventing new games and playing the starring role—the knight, the fairy godmother, the martyr burned at the stake. As an adult, she played these roles for real. "I was strikingly shrewd when it came to mischief," she confessed. She loved to laugh and laughed often. When she did, everyone else around her laughed! She liked perfume and fine clothes, chivalry, romance, and the color orange. Many men in Avila were in love with her. "Teresa de Ahumade? With her fine mind, shapely legs, and ample dowry," people said, "she'll marry whomever she chooses"—rare freedom in an era of arranged marriages.

Mother Tessa Bielecki

Teresa's life was such high drama, we should indulge our wildest imaginings. See the all-engulfing

solitude of the Castilian plain, the ninety stone turrets of the formidable walls of Avila, the sharp jagged peaks of the Gredos Sierra against the skyline. Smell the lush vegetation in the Andalusian courtyards. Hear the musical sounds of Teresa's voice, her tambourine, castanets, and drum—which she played even as a nun. Imagine sitting down with her for a good visit, basking in her wide embrace, her gaiety, and the depth of her wisdom—for Teresa was a woman of substance as well as charm.

Visualize her colorful adventures on a movie screen: her Jewish grandfather degraded by the Inquisition, stripped to the waist and paraded through the streets of Toledo in a humiliating procession through the jeering crowds; her five brothers sailing to South America and fighting for the conquest of Peru, Colombia, Argentina, Ecuador, and Chile; her beloved St. John of the Cross, escaping from his nine-month imprisonment with the help of Our Lady and a mongrel dog.

Imagine the beautiful black-eyed Teresa at a party, at prayer or doing penance; laughing over the lizard that crawled up her arm and landed in the face of her friend Antoinio Ruiz; or weeping over the sudden death of her friend and brother Lorenzo; composing little verses to sing at celebrations; or falling down the stairs and breaking her arm so badly it was useless for the last five years of her life. Watch her travel back and forth across the Spanish countryside in a rickety covered wagon, joking with her rustic muleteers, or giving astute spiritual guidance to the wealthy merchants who often accompanied her. See her captivating half the men in Spain —including the King —not as a young eligible girl with a good dowry, but as a middle-aged Mother Foundress, *la Madre Fundadora,* who needed help from high places and got it — but not with out paying the high price of pain.

She was a dynamic personality—wild as a child, wild as she grew from an adolescent into a ravishing young woman, wildest of all as she reached middle age and set out on her quixotic adventures throughout her native Spain.

Teresa was an earth mother and an earthy mystic, a poet and a brilliant administrator, a shrewd politician and a faithful friend, walking a dangerous tightrope, yet holding the delicate balance between realism and idealism, common and uncommon sense, making love and making war.

Teresa did not become an integrated human being all at once, any more than we do. Her sanctification was a gradual process that took her entire lifetime. And like us, Teresa made many mistakes—some serious. She knew fear, failure, and human weakness, loneliness, illness and exhaustion, the joy of sympathy and the pain of misunderstanding. Before she could soar like an eagle, she had to crawl on her belly like a snake—literally, as she slowly began to move again after an excruciating paralysis that lasted three years. Throughout her suffering, Teresa was humbly and heroically aware of destiny and God's designs, and she clung to these tenaciously. She grew into a giant, a conquistador of the spiritual life, A Doctor of the Church, and a saint for all seasons.

> Teresa was an earth mother and an earthy mystic, a poet and a brilliant administrator, a shrewd politician and a faithful friend, walking a dangerous tightrope, yet holding the delicate balance between realism and idealism, common and uncommon sense, making love and making war.

The winsome and sometimes outrageous details about Teresa's life help us fall in love with her. When we fall in love with her, we fall in love with the God she herself loved so madly. And when we love God this passionately, we love the whole of life, because God himself is life.

There is an intimate and ineradicable connection between life and prayer. When we really live—fully, exuberantly, and divinely—we inevitably pray. At our retreat centers in Crestone, Colorado and Kemptville, Nova Scotia, we do not teach people how to pray. Instead, we induce people to live. We set the stage and create the climate for prayer through "a lively human atmosphere" that makes it possible for prayer to erupt naturally and spontaneously.

A lively human atmosphere is not artificial but natural, not chaotic but deliberate, not fragmented but whole, not workaholic but balanced and poetic, not secular but sacred and God-centered. As Jesus said, "I have come so that they may have life and have it to the full" (John 10:10, Jerusalem Bible). If Teresa of Avila prayed well, she first lived well. The best secret we learn from her example is to live life as she did—to the hilt!

A Father's Blessing

THOMAS BASKETT

A tender dream brings a sense of loving presence and empowerment.

One night I dreamt that my father gave me his blessing. In the dream he was seated in a chair and I on the floor in front of him. His hands rested on my head, and he said these words.

Everything I have is yours,
I will never leave you.

I felt the weight and warmth of his hands on my head, his energy moving like an invisible force down into my body. I was filled with a deep sense of plenitude, confidence and security. His blessing fortified me, licensed me, gave me legitimacy to act in the world with authority that felt strong and grounded. I knew in that moment, for that moment, that I would always have what I needed and would never be alone.

The image of the man who blessed me was both my real father and not he. On one level the blessing felt like a message from the Creator about the nature of Creation, a message from the beginning of time, encoded and physically implanted in every cell of created existence, a statement about Reality. This is how life is, it said, if I could but see it rightly: abundance, loving presence, and giftedness.

I felt, too, that something significant was being passed on to me, something sacred that conveyed both gift and responsibility. It was a legacy, a sacred trust from my father's generation and all generations before him to my generation, and one I would in turn pass on to my children. In this way, the blessing intimated, I would participate in the sacred drama of creation by contributing in an infinitesimal yet vital way to binding blessing in memory and passing it into the future.

Yet, my real father never gave me so explicit a blessing. In these modern times, fathers rarely pronounce blessings in so formal a way. It would

A psychotherapist practicing in Lawrenceville and Trenton, NJ, Tom Baskett is a graduate of Princeton University and did his graduate work in Christian Spirituality. He is a certified member of the American Association of Pastoral Counselors and is currently training in Hakomi body-centered psychotherapy. In his spare time, Tom writes in the field of men's spirituality.

seem quaint and anachronistic. Rather, in today's world one has to search between the lines for a father's blessing; find it hidden in the miscellany of daily events like college tuition payments, a camping trip, a shared joke, a proud smile. This is a loss, I believe, particularly for sons. A father's blessing can transmit life-giving love and sense of purpose.

My father, like most modern fathers (myself included), would probably be embarrassed to expose so directly the depth of feeling and love implied in such a blessing though I believe these feelings are present in him. In fact, I'm certain the love given me over the years by both my parents was deeply embedded in my dream's blessing. They were, after all, my first God-bearers. Their love, their convictions, their mercy, their life histories shaped my body and psyche like sculptors shape their stone. Through them I was first placed in the world, my feet on the earth and my mind turned outward towards some deep mystery to which I would always be drawn but never completely know.

My father was present in my body from the beginning. While I was still in my mother's womb, his seed was silently helping to shape the

Tom Baskett

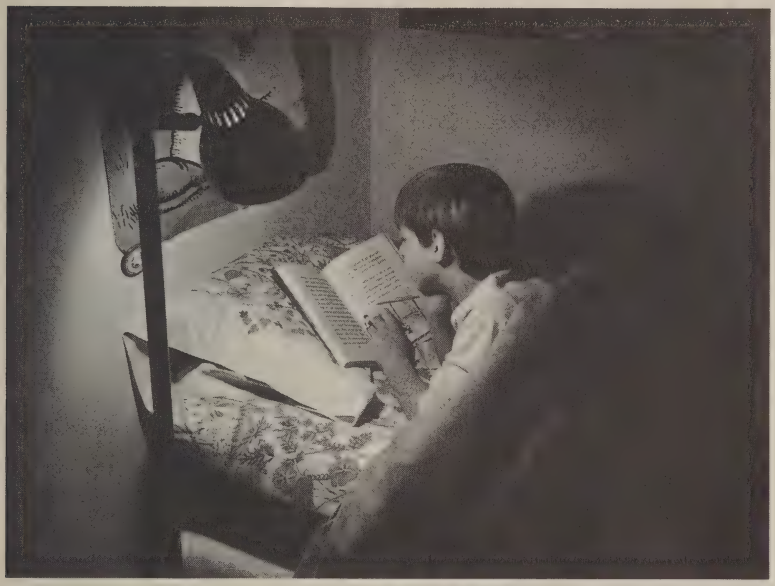
contours of my body and the nature of my mind. I remember when I was a child he would occasionally pick me up and sit me on his arm or knee. I have an early photograph of him standing next to his own father holding me in his arms, three generations of males, blessing and legacy. Years later, something of his spirit came to me when as a young boy I lay in bed in the early evenings and listened to the music of Beethoven, Mozart, and Bach drifting up from the living room downstairs. I felt warm and safe. I learned about harmony, comfort and abiding presence.

Yet blessing was always there, even in my father's absences and silences.

I remember his impatience and irritability with my slowness at math when he tried to coach me with my homework. It was frustrating and difficult for both of us. Yet I grew to be proud of his mind, the range of his knowledge, and I have always enjoyed his sense of humor (his eyes slyly searching me out for hoped-for responses). He took pleasure in history (he memorized the kings of England and France), and delighted in literature (he read Proust twice and memorized T.S.Eliot's Wasteland). His world was ordered and rational, aesthetically arranged, yet also paradoxically random. He accepted this, did not find it contradictory, and seemed to need no God to explain it. I think he lives God without naming it God.

Though I never saw where my father worked until well into my teens, my life was invisibly shaped by his profession as a naval officer. We moved a lot. Panama, New London, the war years in the Pacific, California, England, Virginia Beach, Washington, Japan. I learned to move and change, make friends quickly, and alas, break friendships as quickly. I was attracted to the novel, constantly drawn to new questions opened up by the rich variety of experience each new home provided. All this movement was unsettling as it was rich and my father's absences at sea or office often made him seem like the Wizard of Oz, the unseen mover and contriver of my childhood world.

Blessing was implicit in all this. I often wished it had been more explicit, less up to me to search it out and run it down. Who doesn't want an easier life! Yet blessing was always there, even in my father's absences



Tom Dunham

and silences. Now years later, it emerged for a moment in time undisguised, decoded, and gloriously explicit:

> Everything I have is yours,
> I will never leave you.

Ask Angela

BARBARA ACKERMAN

Do you have a question of the heart or spirit that needs attention? Angela, our canine sage-in-residence, would love to help. Please write to her in care of FiP, and she will answer you in our next issue.

Dear Angela,

Could you share with us your thoughts on the subject of boredom? Thank you.

Sincerely,
Bored

Dear Bored,

Thank you for your interest in this important subject. Although none of us wants to feel bored on a permanent, full-time basis, boredom is a part of life we may have to put up with from time to time, but we can do something about it.

The first thing we can do to ease boredom is to change some of our negative feelings about it. Boredom serves a useful purpose and can actually help us out once in a while. Boredom acts as an excellent, reliable alarm or signal that something in our lives is out of balance and an adjustment needs to be made. For example, when I patter playfully to the kitchen, stare into my bowl of Kibbles and feel bored, I know it's time to watch carefully for falling meat. Boredom with my Kibbles means it's time once again to steal an empty aluminum container of macaroni and cheese sauce; it's definitely time for liverwurst. If it weren't for my boring feelings, how would I know this? Never knock your boring feelings until you've used them. They could come in handy and even keep you safe. Boredom may be that feeling of numbness or profound disinterest which is actually covering up a more authentic but volatile feeling like mad or scared. Boredom protects us by keeping us unaware of these explosive feelings that might get us into trouble if expressed.

In my own life, boredom helps me cope with the stresses of laundry day. Life without my blanket is hard because without it I cannot twirl in place three times nor pop myself down. Although I will often bark ferociously or whimper plaintively during the spin and rinse cy-

cles, I find the whole deal a terrible drain. Even my best noise-making routines are of little help. But boredom works wonders. On laundry day I just get bored with it all and it saves me much emotional wear and tear. I only wish that I were able to get bored riding in the family car or while visiting my local veterinarian.

Even though boredom can help us at times, some souls just seem to be able to tolerate boredom better than others do. One thing I've discovered is that judging our boring feelings as bad makes boredom even harder to live with. When I feel bored, I try to not freak out about it or blame myself for not engaging myself in more interesting endeavors. I have learned to live with a little boredom on a regular daily basis without great suffering. I accept some boredom and respect it. I remain watchful and alert for the lessons that a ho-hum afternoon may bring me. There is always the possibility of an exciting interruption like a visit from my best buddy.

I, like many canines, have a small advantage over humans when it comes to dealing successfully with feelings of boredom. Our advantage is that any activity we engage in is interesting as long as our hu-

Samuel Pattison

mans are around. Even snoozing at the feet of my best beloveds is interesting. We canines were put here to be companions to humans. We are here to offer unconditional love and support to our people, and to inspire that behavior in them toward us. As a canine, it is my sacred mission to be pleased with my beloveds and to have them be pleased with me. When I am with them, I am serving my purpose, accomplishing my mission. There's no way of getting around it; serving one's purpose and accomplishing one's mission just isn't boring. The good news is this seems to be true for all souls, not just canines.

I leave you with a scientifically proven list of activities sure to keep your spirits up while you're bored.

ANGELA'S NO-FAIL PLAN TO EASE BOREDOM

1. Shred a glossy magazine.
2. Chew the phone bill.
3. Dig your way out of the backyard, then go for a jaunt around the neighborhood.
4. Stop and sniff at every tree and utility pole.
5. Bark at the front door from the inside out and engage in other noise-making activities.
6. Twirl in place.
7. Do a Chicken Little dance.
8. Steal a modest portion of a bologna sandwich left unattended on the arm of the living room couch.
9. Lick your paws, chew your toenails, and engage in other nervous but useful grooming routines.
10. Nap frequently and well. Do not forget to dream.

In closing, I wish each of you a powerful scent to follow, squirrels to chase, great mysteries to ponder, great views to gaze at, headpats, good romps, chest rubs, a best buddy to sit beside, and the ever-present possibility of chicken: all things that bring meaning and banish boredom.

Faithfully,
Angela

Bluebirds, Faith and Healing

CAROLYN CONSTABLE

Please send the story of your own "transforming experience" to the Editor, 291 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, NJ 08542. You need not be a professional writer.

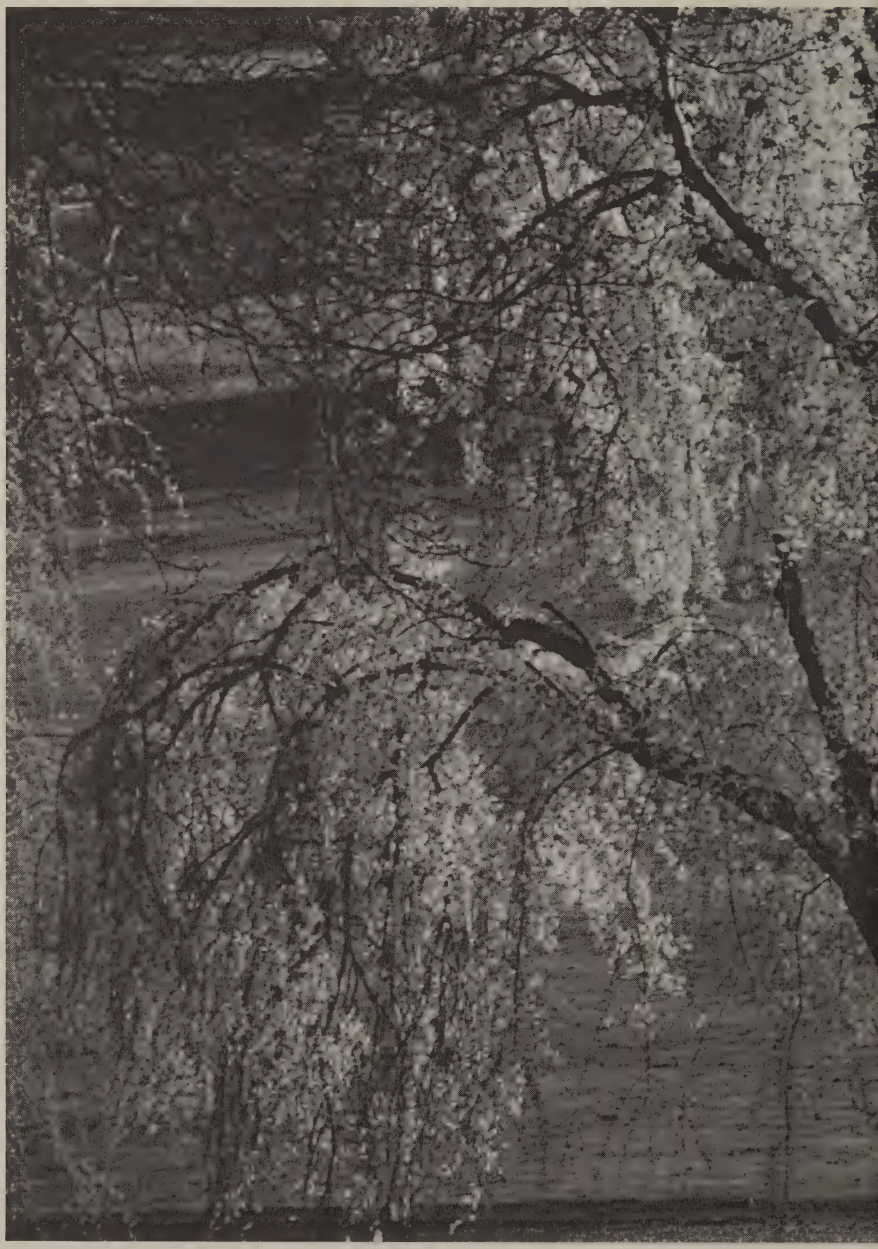
Even in the enlightened 90's there is still a stigma attached to mental illness. Despite new medicines and successful treatments by psychiatrists, fear and disgrace surround those who suffer from mental problems. I hope the following helps to ease this stigma.

Turning 50 is a milestone in anyone's life, but for me it was a time of joy and celebration. Eight years earlier while in the throes of raising two teenage sons, finishing a B.S. degree, and working part-time as a teacher-naturalist, I became afflicted with manic depression (bipolar depression). Much has been described about depression in the media, but these roller coaster plunges from an elated, euphoric state into deep dark depression were frightening, to say the least. Professional medical help was required to correct this biochemical imbalance in the brain.

Fortunately, I selected not only an excellent psychiatrist, but also a doctor with faith in God. Gradually, Dr. Roger M.F. Smith was able to prescribe the right medications to correct my problems. Psychotherapy was needed to assist me through difficult times and to repair my shattered life. By talking with Dr. Smith and listening to his wisdom, I began to become more aware of my own self-worth. During some of our talks, I shared my interest in nature and my love of bluebirds. Dr. Smith had never seen live bluebirds, so I encouraged him to search for them outdoors. Bluebirds became a bond and catalyst between doctor and patient.

One June morning when you could feel and see the beauty of God's creation all around, I called Dr. Smith for a prescription. He was elated when he answered the phone, and excitedly described his first sighting of brilliant bluebirds. This busy physician was humble enough to appreciate a small part of God's creation. Together we

Carolyn Constable is a teacher-naturalist at Peace Valley Nature Center in Doylestown, PA. She is married and has two sons.



Cliff Moore

shared the joy of bluebirds. Bluebirds were a sign of healing from God and from that moment on, I knew I would be free of mental illness some day. That was June 1990. For the past five years, I have had no recurrence of manic-depression.

I feel a certain inner peace, a feeling of God within. Life's struggles are easier now. My doctor helped me to see that each and every person has something unique to offer the world. Everyone has dignity, even the mentally ill.

Rock Ritual XXI: Prairie Rock

ROBERT O'ROURKE

An isolated rock
hidden away on this short-grass prairie
has become, for me,
a sacred place.

Alone,
I watch the sunrise — like
a whisper —
wash across the land
in bright orange-red colors.

Here
I wait for the marking of each season:
Winter - when the hawks and eagles return.
Spring - the greening of trees.
Summer - bloom of prickly pear.
Fall - first trace of snow.

Having chosen
this particular place
I have learned to
". . .wonder about it
dwell upon it. . .
listen to sounds
made upon it. . .
imagine the creatures. . .
recollect the glare of noon. . .
the colors of dawn and dusk."*

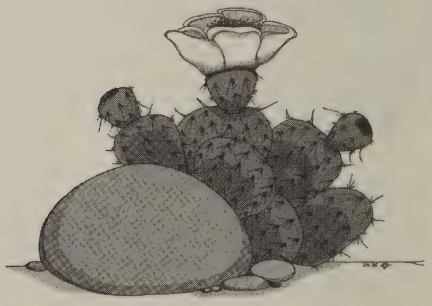
What might one discover
from such consecrated indwelling
in one selected spot
at each season of the year?

**Momaday, N. Scott,* The Way to Rainy Mountain, *Ballantine Books, N.Y. 1969, page 113.*

Robert O'Rourke is a Colorado writer, poet and folk artist who sculpts santos, *statues of saints revered in the Southwest.*

The Sioux
who sought visions here
and
listened to the voices of nature,
would answer,
"you may experience
lelah wa ste waken,"
(something very good and sacred).

So it is with me
where I sit
on a rock
on this rippling,
short-grass prairie.



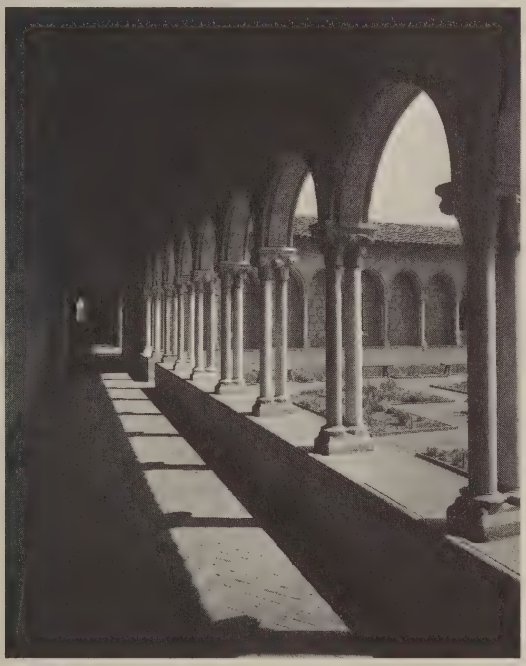
Lisa Smith

From The Music of Silence

DAVID STEINDL-RAST

A beloved Benedictine monks reminds us of the Sacred, uplifting power of Gregorian chant.

The quiet ecstasy of Gregorian Chant calls to people of all faiths. What is its timeless fascination? The chant speaks to our hearts today because it is a universal call to enter the *now;* to stop, to listen, and to heed the message of *this* moment. It speaks to the monk in each of us, to our soul, which longs for peace and connection to an ultimate source of meaning and value.



This selection has been excerpted from Brother David Steindl-Rast's new book, The Music of Silence: Entering the Sacred Space of Monastic Experience, *HarperSanFrancisco, a division of HarperCollins, 10 East 53rd Street, New York, NY 10002.*

Saturated with information but often berefit of meaning, we feel caught in a never-ending swirl of duties and demands, things to finish, things to put right. Yet as we dart anxiously from one activity to the next, we sense that there is more to life than worldly agendas.

Our uneasiness and our frantic scrambling are caused by our distorted sense of time, which seems to be continually running out. Western culture reinforces this misconception of time as a limited commodity: We are always meeting *dead* lines; we are always short on time, we are always running out of time.

> Gregorian chant . . . is a universal call to enter the *now*.

Chant music, on the other hand, evokes a different relationship to tine, one in which time, while precious, isn't scarce. It conjures the archetype of the monk's way of life, wherein time flows harmoniously; the time available is in proportion to the task at hand. The pure, serene, yet soaring sounds of the chant remind us that there *is* another way to live in this noisy, distracted world, and this way is not as out of reach as it might seem.

We welcome your comments. Please write to The Editor, Fellowship in Prayer, 291 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, NJ 08542.

I've been meaning to write to you for months to tell you how much I appreciate the high quality of the articles in *Fellowship in Prayer.* I refer specifically to the various interviews in depth you've been conducting recently—and only hope they continue. This last one in the current issue, the one with Andrew Harvey, packed an enormous amount of good and not-so-common sense into just a few short pages. I find his observation, "it is always the sacred wound that initiates. . . the central wound of one's life that provides that door or that window into the Divine," alone worth the price of admission. And his comments on wisdom and the wise, "drunk on the old wine," tempt one to go out and buy his book, *A Journey in Ladakh.* In any case, I wanted to commend you on how beautifully and succinctly I think you've been handling what must be a very difficult and sensitive medium and to thank you for it.

George Schloss; Princeton, NJ

Were I in your presence this moment, my arms would be around you in a loving embrace to thank you for bringing Andrew Harvey once again into my life. Your interview is profound, bringing me at times to passionate tears, one of those wonderful crux-moments where personal revelation comes in Broadway-size letters. [In such moments], be it from a Chinese fortune cookie, a first reading of Krishnamurti, or the exchange between interviewer and interviewee, the message resounds: love and passion, passion and love—and the life resulting from the passionate loving of life.

The interview came at just the right time. I'd fallen off my "proverbial cushion." Rumi cautions, "Don't go back to sleep." I had! A slumbering from which I awaken with resounding force. Thank you.

Gary Jacinto; New York, NY

Recently at a friend's home I saw a copy of *Fellowship in Prayer* and was attracted by the cover. As I started going through the contents I could hardly put it down. We in India are going through a phase in our nation's life that you perhaps went through much earlier. The globalization and subsequent opening up of our closed economy has brought in (along with a lot of positive things), a tremendously com-

petitive environment in which the weak seem to get weaker. The me-first attitude has eroded further any concern we may have had for others. Consumerism has made people demand "things," leaving them unconcerned about inner growth — without which I am sure one can never find true happiness.

Against this backdrop, I found reading your magazine a great spiritual uplift. We have formed a small, informal group of friends interested in the matters of spirit. We share your articles amongst ourselves and discuss our own spiritual experiences and through this fellowship we believe we are spiritually enriched.

Bhanm Kale; Pune, India

I learned of *Fellowship in Prayer* in a bulletin from *Triangles.* I have since been practicing prayer with a small group of friends. Poverty and hardship would not allow us to expand, but with God we shall overcome.

Alex Agunnia; Enugu, Enugu State, Nigeria

This letter is meant for all and each of you involved in bringing the gift of *Fellowship in Prayer* to people like me. Your gift is of inestimable value, and I greet each issue exultantly and joyfully knowing I am in for a special, inspirational respite, immersed in the beautiful prose, prayers, photos, stories—and Angela! Ah yes, what wisdom and simplicity Angela shares with us. All are part of the whole: and the whole is, to give you a conservative Boston compliment, MERELY MAGNIFICENT!!

When I gave that compliment to Ashley Montague after hearing him speak here last summer at Brandeis University at the Annual Conference of the Association for Humanistic Psychology, his quick retort was, "Oh, M & M's without the calories!" It would be heartwarming to think I could be that clever, that facile with language, and that responsive when I'm nearing my 90th birthday!

As you can tell, I thoroughly enjoy and am grateful for *Fellowship in Prayer.* I subscribe to it as a gift for a dear friend also. I am enclosing a donation for which I am requesting as many copies as you can send me of the June 1995 issue. Giving away my own copy is not an option!!

Thank you all for the work you do to bring forth *Fellowship in Prayer.*

Helen K Hickey; Waltham, MA

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Vol. 46, No. 5

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